JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

In COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSICK Compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

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? 1780.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.
SIMON, *his Brother.*
CHORUS *of* Iſraelitiſh *Men and Women.*

42
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117

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[Price One Shilling.]

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

A

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Maccabæus*.

MOURN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
Of captive *Judah*, mourn in ſolemn Strains,
Your ſanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expreſſive Signs of Woe;
Your ſofter Garments tear,
And ſqualid Sackcloth wear;
Your drooping Heads with Aſhes ſtrew,
And, with the flowing Tear, your Cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Daughters, let your diſtreſsful Cries
And loud Lament aſcend the Skies;
Your tender Boſoms beat, and tear,
With Hands remorſeleſs, your diſhevell'd Hair,
For pale and breathleſs Mattathias *lies:*
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miſeries!

DUET.

From this dread Scene, theſe adverſe Pow'rs,
Ah! whither ſhall we fly?
O *Solyma*, thy boaſted Tow'rs
In ſmoakey Ruins lie.
Ah whither ſhall we fly?

CHORUS.

For *Sion* Lamentation make,
With Words that weep, and Tears that ſpeak.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
To vent our Sorrows gives Relief,
Wretched indeed! but let not Judah's *Race*
Their Ruin, with deſponding Arms, embrace.
Diſtractful Doubt and Deſperation,
Ill become the choſen Nation,
Choſen by the great I am,
The Lord of Hoſts, who, ſtill the ſame,
We truſt will give attentive Ear
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

AIR.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Prayers,
Will to the Lord aſcend, and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whoſe almighty Power
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore!
The Hearts of *Judah*, thy Delight,
In one defenſive Band unite.

Grant us a Leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer born to ſave.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim *between,*
His radiant Glory erſt diſplay'd;
To Iſrael's *diſtreſsful Pray'r*
He hath vouchſaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out Macchabæus *to their Aid.*
Judas *ſhall ſet the Captive free,*
And lead us on to Victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye Brave; a noble Cauſe,
The Cauſe of Heav'n your Zeal demands;
In Defence of your Nation, Religion and Laws,
The Almighty *Jehovah* will ſtrengthen your Hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright Array
Judas, thy Sceptre to obey.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Tranſport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old
For their Exploits in War——Oh may their *Fire*
With active Courage, you *their Sons inſpire;*
As when the mighty Joſhua *fought,*
And thoſe amazing Wonders wrought;
Stood ſtill, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
Till Kings he had deſtroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

AIR.

AIR.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War:
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in ſweet Liberty reſtor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
For Bleſſings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bleſs him, Jehovah, *bleſs him, and once more*
To thine own Iſrael *Liberty reſtore.*

AIR.

O Liberty thou choiceſt Treaſure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleaſure;
Life without thee knows no Bleſſing,
No endearment worth careſſing.

AIR.

Come, ever-ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train;
For thee we pant, and ſigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleaſures reign.

AIR.

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives freſh Beauty to the Sun:
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleaſure ſteal away.

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, *Judah* diſdains
The galling Load of hoſtile Chains.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

So will'd my ~~zealous~~ Father, now at reſt
In the eternal Manſions of the Bleſt;
" Can ye behold, ſaid he, the Miſeries
" In which the long-inſulted Judah *lies?*
" Can ye behold their dire Diſtreſs,
" And not, at leaſt, attempt Redreſs?"
Then faintly with expiring Breath——
" Reſolve, my Sons, on Liberty or Death."

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

We come: Oh ſee, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.

AIR.

Diſdainful of Danger, we'll ruſh on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O *Jehovah*, all Nations may know.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Ambition! If e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here:
The glorious Cauſe gives Sanction to thy Claim.

AIR.

No unhallow'd Deſire
Our Breaſts ſhall inſpire;
Nor Luſt of unbounded Pow'r:
But Peace to obtain:
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conqueſt ſhall aſk no more.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, or a glorious Fall.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

PART II.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the Foe——So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike *Judas* wields his righteous Sword.

RECITATIVE.

Iſaelitiſh Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame ſhall tell
With her laſt Breath, how Apollonius *fell,*
And all Samaria *fled, by thee purſued,*
Through Hills of Carnage and a Sea of Blood,
While thy reſiſtleſs Proweſs dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's *Boaſt,*
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Hoſt.

AIR.

So rapid thy Courſe is,
Not numberleſs Forces
Withſtand thy all-conquering Sword;
Tho' Nations ſurround thee,
No Pow'r ſhall confound thee
Till Freedom again be reſtor'd.

Duetto

Duetto *and* Chorus.

Sion now her Head ſhall raiſe,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O let eternal Honours crown his Name;
Judas, *firſt* Worthy *in the Rolls of Fame.*
Say, " *He put on the Breaſt-Plate as a Giant*,
" *And girt his warlike Harneſs about him.*
" *In his Acts he was like a Lion*,
" *And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey.**

AIR.

From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made *Judah* ſmile;
Judah rejoiceth in his Name,
And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail *Judea*, happy Land!
Salvation proſpers in his Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Thanks to my Brethren——But look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let Glory and all Praiſe be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your Applauſe,
Nor add the ſecond Cauſe,
As once your Fathers did in Midian,
Saying, The Sword of God and *Gideon.*
It is the Lord who for his Iſrael *fought*,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

* 1 Maccab. iii. 3, &c.

AIR.

How vain is Man who boaſts in Fight,
The valour of Gigantic Might:
And dreams not that a Hand unſeen
Directs and guides this weak Machine!

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger.

O Judas, *O my Brethren!*
New Scenes of Bloody War
In all their Horrors riſe.
Prepare, prepare,
Or ſoon we fall a Sacrifice
To great Antiochus; *from th'* Ægyptian *Coaſt,*
(Where Ptolomy *hath* Memphis *and* Peluſium *loſt)*
He ſends the valiant Gorgias, *and commands*
His proud victorious Bands
To root out Iſrael's *Strength, and to eraſe*
Ev'ry Memorial of the Sacred Place.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched *Iſrael*; fall'n how low,
From joyous tranſport to deſponding Woe.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted.——Nor think theſe Plagues are ſent
For your Deſtruction, but for Chaſtiſement.
Heav'n oft in Mercy puniſheth, that Sin
May feel its own Demerits from within,
And urge not utter Ruin——Turn to God,
And draw a Bleſſing from his Iron Rod.

AIR.

AIR.

The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raiſe,
And ſtill as he thunders
Is fearful in Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

My Arms! againſt this Gorgias *will I go----*
The Idumean *Governor ſhall know*
How vain, how ineffective his Deſign,
While Rage his *Leader, and* Jehovah *mine.*

AIR.

Sound an Alarm—Your Silver Trumpets ſound,
And call the Brave, and only Brave, around.—
Who liſteth, follow.---To the Field again.---
Juſtice with Courage is a thouſand Men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleaſing dreadful Call:
And follow thee to Conqueſt;---If to fall;---
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

No more in Sion *let the Virgin Throng*
Wild with Deluſion, pay their nightly Song
To Aſhtoreth, *yclep'd the* Queen of Heav'n:
Hence to Phœnicia *be the Goddeſs driv'n;*
Or be ſhe with her Prieſts and Pageants hurl'd
To the remoteſt Corner of the World;
Ne'er to delude us more with Pious Lies.

AIR.

Wiſe Men, flatt'ring may deceive ~~us~~ *you*
With their vain myſterious Art:
Magic Charms can ne'er relieve ~~us~~,
Nor can heal the wounded Heart.

But true Wiſdom can relieve ~~us~~,
Godlike Wiſdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive ~~us~~,
This alone all Pains remove.

DUET.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock or ſculptur'd Stone,
But ever worſhip *Iſr'el*'s God,
Ever obedient to his Nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or ſculptur'd Stone——
We worſhip God, and God alone.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

PART III.

Iſraelitiſh *Prieſts.* [Having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.

AIR.

FATHER of Heaven, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Bleſſing down;
While we prepare with holy Rites,
To ſolemnize the *Feaſt of Lights.*
And thus our grateful Hearts employ,
And in thy Praiſe,
This Altar raiſe,
With Caróls of triumphant Joy.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

See, ſee yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In ſpiry Streams purſue the trailing Smoke?
The fragrant Incenſe mounts the yielding Air;
Sure Preſage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may ceaſe,
And Judah's *Daughters taſte the Calm of Peace;*
Sons, Brothers, Huſbands to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or Havock'd in the War.

AIR.

So ſhall the Lute and Harp awake,
And ſprightly Voice ſweet Deſcant run;
Seraphic Melody to make,
In the pure Strains of *Jeſſe*'s Son.

Iſraelitiſh

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger.

From Capharſalma, *on Eagle's Wings I fly,*
With Tidings of impetuous Joy.——
Came Lyſias, *with his Hoſt, array'd*
In Coat of Mail; their maſſy Shields
Of Gold and Braſs, flaſh'd Lightning thro' the Fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants diſplay'd
A horrid Front; but Judas, *undiſmay'd,*
Met, fought, and vanquiſh'd all the rageful Train.

RECITATIVE.

Yet more; Nicanor *is with Thouſands ſlain;*
The blaſphemous Nicanor, *who defy'd*
The living God, and in his wanton Pride,
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.
But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear,
To diſſipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head and Hand,
That threaten'd Deſolation to the Land.

Chorus *of* Youths.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums;
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him ſing.

Chorus *of* Virgins.

See the Godlike Youth advance,
Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance:
Myrtle Wreaths, and Roſes twine,
To deck the Hero's Brows divine.

The

The MARCH.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high Affections raiſe,
To crown this Conqueſt with unmeaſur'd Praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Sweet flow the Strains, that ſtrike my feaſted Ear.——
Angels might ſtoop from Heav'n to hear
The comely Songs ye ſing
To Iſrael's *Lord and King.---*
But pauſe a while----due Obſequies prepare,
To thoſe who bravely fell in War,----
To Eleazar *ſpecial Tribute pay.----*
Thro' ſlaughter'd Troops he cut his Way
To the diſtinguiſh'd Elephant, and whelm'd beneath
The deep-ſtabb'd Monſter, triumph'd in a glorious Death.

AIR.

With Honour let Deſert be crown'd;
The Trumpet ne'er in vain ſhall ſound;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms:
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.

Eupolemus [The *Jewiſh* Ambaſſador to *Rome.*]

Peace to my Countrymen;---Peace and Liberty.---
From the great Senate of imperial Rome,
With a firm League of Amity I come.
Rome, *whate'er Nation dare inſult us more,*
Will rouſe, in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r;

And

And ſtretch her vengeful Arm, by Land or Sea,
" To curb the Proud, and ſet the Injured free."

CHORUS.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can ſend from Earth to Heav'n.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude deſcend.----
Praiſe-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend.----
Come, my fair Daughters, choiceſt Art beſtow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs, for ever be confeſs'd,
" The Valour that preſerv'd, the Pow'r that bleſs'd,
Bleſs'd you with Hours, that ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundleſs Joy.

AIR.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, ſpread thy Bleſſings all around,
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies ſmile with wavy Corn:
Let the ſhrill Trumpet ceaſe, nor other Sound
But Nature's Songſters wake the chearful Morn.

AIR and CHORUS.

Simon.

Rejoice, O *Judah*, and in Songs divine,
With *Cherubim* and *Seraphim* harmonious join. *Hallelujah*, &c.

FINIS.